

## ROAD TO MECCA

Awkwardly rolling his great hairy home,  
the dung-beetle came to a fork  
in the road, where sat  
the firefly.

"Friend-creature," said the beetle,  
pausing on his endless journey,  
"could you guide me to the path  
to Mecca?"

"I suppose I could," said the firefly,  
"but tell me first: what is that  
odious globe you push so reverently?"  
The beetle smiled and said,  
"It is my home, my food, my nesting-  
place, my burial cask. It is the  
finest excrement on all the continent.  
I'm taking it to Mecca, to fulfill  
my Destiny."

"Balderdash!" the firefly exclaimed,  
"only an idiot would undertake  
a journey such as yours. There is no  
Mecca, and you are a fool!"

"Perhaps you're right," said the  
dung-beetle, "but won't you tell me  
why you fly about each night  
with such a brightly-glowing lantern?"  
The firefly preened his shiny rear.  
"I'm looking for an honest bug,"  
he said.

-- Carl Larsen

Lock Haven PA

## A 1937 LINCOLN ZEPHYR V-12

My Uncle had a 1937 Lincoln Zephyr V-12.  
It had an ice-cream white paint job  
and shiny chrome Zephyr-winged hubcaps  
to spin round the sun and the moon.  
Once he parked it in front of the Walhalla Skating Rink,  
and posed stately-cadish in his blue pin-striped suit.  
He put his foot on the running board  
and said 'cheese' into the eye of all eternity,  
trapped with the hummingbird flash of the shutter,  
in front of his 1937 Lincoln Zephyr V-12.